

## DESERET EVENING NEWS

Published every day, except Sunday, at 2 p.m.  
Subscription price, in advance, \$10.00 per year.  
Single copy, 10 cents; postpaid or delivered by mail, 15 cents.

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## AT SUNSET.

It's just the thing you do, dear,  
For the sun is setting, and it's getting dark,  
Which gives you a lot of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The sun is setting,  
The latter you did not write,  
The former you might have said, dear,  
And the latter you might have lifted.  
Over the horizon's way,  
The last of darkness comes.  
You are the setting of the sun, dear,  
The sun and witness to me.  
The sun is setting, and it's getting dark,  
With the setting of your love.  
The little act of kindness,  
You easily do small.  
Those choices to be made,  
You easily do small.  
They come in night and silence,  
Each child, representative wealth,  
What you do, dear,  
And a night has dropped on Earth,  
For life is all short, dear,  
And sorrow is all to great,  
Teacher, you show compassion,  
The teacher you do, dear,  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
What the thing you do, dear,  
At the setting of the sun.  
—Margaret H. Shaeffer in Boston Globe.

## A WOMAN AND A DEER

## A REMARKABLE CAPTURE ON PINE RIVER IN MICHIGAN.

Mrs. JOHN TOWLE, of Sturgisville, has had a really thrilling experience in her life.—This story shows that she was truly her nerves and strength.

One of the best known characters in the business and sportsmen of upper Michigan is Mrs. John Towle, of Sturgisville, who has been a resident of the Pine river, twelve miles below Holland, a station of the old railway thirty miles from here. Her home and name have become famous to the woodsmen and lumbermen on account of Mrs. Towle keeping a boarding house where the woodsmen could get a meal and a place to sleep. She always stored up their meals, letting the old boys have the pine river for a distance of ten miles on each side of Sturgisville.

Mrs. Towle came to this country from Adair, Tennessee, twenty years ago, and has lived here ever since. Her husband was called to attend his parents' funeral, who was confined with a broken shoulder, after the doctors had given him up. She minded him in such good shape that Mr. Towle decided that she would be a good companion, whereupon they were married and moved to the wild upper peninsula of Michigan to make their home and fortune. Taking a hammock near the banks of the Pine river, Mrs. Towle has occasion to come to this city once about every two months with the produce of the farm and dairy. During the summer months, when the summer there is no other way but to take a boat and row up the Pine river twelve miles to Bayfield station, where she can take the train for this point.

It is with one of these trips that this remarkable story is to be told. Mrs. Towle had not been away from the cabin of her parents as usual, and came to town with good reason. On her return trip she was leisurely rowing down the river, with its high and very thick wooded banks in some places, and, slipping, nose over heels in others. She had not gone above half a mile when she heard a sound above her.

The deer, now thoroughly frightened and excited, on seeing Mrs. Towle in the boat started for the land. The water was very high, so high that it managed to get its fore feet into the craft, with the two wolves still hanging on. Mrs. Towle, although full scared, did not let go, but lost her presence of mind, but instead her paddle struck the two wolves such blows on their heads that they released their hold and took to the shore, while the boat continued to drift down the river with the current. The wolves began to give up hope and returned into the woods.

Mrs. Towle now, though frightened and excited, on seeing the two wolves were gone, took out enough of the sportsman left in her to have a desire to scare the deer. She raised her paddle and struck a blow hard enough to the deer, which was very frightened, so much so, as Mrs. Towle has always been used to the harder working side of life and is of strong physique. The blow stunned the deer for a few moments, and Mrs. Towle, thinking it was dead, started her craft to row to place the deer in position to row the boat home with him.

## MR. TOWLE PLAYS THE DEER.

When she reached the shore and was about swinging the deer around by the tail, the deer came to life, started up the high bank, and took off. The deer succeeded in getting about half way up the bank when the skin on its tail, which Mrs. Towle was hanging on to, gave way and precipitated Mrs. Towle down the bank headfirst.

The deer, by this time, had become so weak from the loss of blood from the wolves' attack, that it slipped and fell down the bank, landing on Mrs. Towle, the thinking the wolves were after it again, nearly went into hysterics. The deer, however, on striking terra firma never moved again, and Mrs. Towle pre-

pared to load him in her craft and get home. She set him aboard, and after expending a couple of times reached her small dock, made of logs, in safety. Her home is three miles back in the woods from the river bank. She was obliged to leave the deer on the bank all night, it being too late to get him home.

In the morning, when Mr. Towle, her husband, went down for the deer with his pony and jumper, he was surprised to find a bear there munching away at the deer's meat on the bank. Towle had started for the scene. There will only be light in the spring. Mr. Towle noted the deer safely home, and thought it would be difficult to find a more interesting story to listen to than that of Mrs. Towle, sitting in her log cabin in front of the old fire, telling history to her husband, who was sitting by the fire. —South Star, Mario, Col. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## WANT TO GET ALLEGED SERVICES.

An old man, a "Tylorian," claimed several services for \$1000 in payment for having supported to President Lincoln the idea of buying greenbacks. Colonel de Arment, who made repeated demands for \$1000, which he considers due him for showing General Grant how to capture the city of Palermo, Ky.—Washington Letter.

## TOMMY BYRNE AND THE INDIANS.

How a War Was Arrested by a Scout and a Peacemaker.—Old Tommy, as he was affectionately called by all his associates, had at one time charge of the Hopiaps, a tribe of Indians settled in northwestern Arizona. Old Tommy, perhaps from his "deliberate tongue," had an almost miraculous ascendancy over the chiefs and head men of this tribe, and though his native eloquence was exceeded only by the uncouth eloquence of rambunctious frontiersmen, he was a man who was loved and trusted by them, child alike. To hear him exhorting back a wild warrior to good humor was something to be long remembered.

"Come, now," he has been heard to say, "shame is not a bad mother, yet. Have you ever tried me for anything that I didn't promise it in?" Yet Tommy's promises were always kept.

One rainy day the Hopiaps, like a flash of lightning out of a dark sky, went on the warpath and invaded the agency buildings before longing for their old stronghold in the canyon of the Colorado. No one knew the cause of their sudden treachery, and Tommy Byrne was one of those who realized how much it would cost Uncle Sam in blood and treasure if the outbreak were not stopped at once.

Without waiting for his appointed little horse to be saddled in three hours, he mounted his pony and dashed into the hills after the fugitives. When the Hopiaps saw the cloud of dust coming they blazed into it, but Old Tommy was untouched and rode gallantly up, his horse white with foam, to the knot of chiefs who stood awaiting him.

"Smith," the matador begins, "you were instructed to send this boy's goods to the address given you before you left."

"Yes, sir," is Smith's plaintive reply, "but—"

"Never mind an explanation, I understand. Your neglect caused the delay and has cost us the loss of one of our best customers. We cannot put up with your carelessness any longer. You may go to the office and get your pay."

South steals away with a ready smile, and then looks upon his face.

"Madam, I beg your permission to speak to an unimportant Indian, but I am sure you will not happen again to you not from that man, and madam takes her departure fully satisfied that she has had her revenge.

Another irate customer appears on the scene. This time the trouble is with a suit of furniture which had been purchased a week before in perfect order, but had already begun to show signs of approaching dismemberment. The disgruntled purchaser goes on the manager, who has no words for the "man who takes the blame" and opens his usual parenthesis.

"How is this, sir? What do you mean by sending out goods in such a condition? You have been reported to be the best in the country.

"I am sorry to tell you that it is Captain Byrne's duty to regulate all the affairs in his camp. They did

not want to hurt him and would let him go safely back, but for their there was nothing but the warpath.

"Come back with me," said Tommy righted. "I will see that you are righted."

Back they went, following that one last mile straight to the edge of the water which preceded the other, and in a few minutes he had recovered the missing in which unfortunately had been secured by tampering with the pose. A Texas steer, which would not weigh more than 600 pounds stood at 1,700, and of course other articles followed in the same ratio.

Tommy seized upon the agency and took charge; the Hopiaps were perfectly satisfied, and the agent left that night. Thus was a bitter war averted. The camp was turned into a plain, quieted man, who had no idea about managing savages but of treating them with kindness and justice.—Chicago Tribune.

## Vegetable Diet for Epileptics.

Whether the theory of the explosion of nitrogen in the brain substance is the cause of the epileptic seizures, or whether it is the result of some other disease, is not quite certain, according to Dr. Ferguson, a practitioner of wide observation and experience in this specialty, that the malady is aggravated in the case of patients who are subjected to a nitrogenous diet—a fact which seems to have been confirmed by multiplied clinical instances and abundant experimentation.

Dr. Ferguson, in his article on the strength of such a fastidious diet that he has subjected his epileptic to a strict vegetable diet, and not only this, but has wholly dispensed with the use of drugs. His method has given him in his hands excellent results, especially in well marked cases of static epilepsy, the non-nitrogenous vegetable diet alone doing better than the bromides, with the exception of the diet of the insane, which the manager down to the armed boy.

"It is somewhat strange," said a floor waiter, "but the fact is that many people are satisfied to get up with considerable inconveniences if they can only be relieved by seeing some one discharged. Sometimes when we bring out our man who takes the blame, the customer wants to know if he is, and the man adds his own assurance, and in nine cases out of ten the customer is comforted. Very few people take enough notice of a salesman to identify him unless they meet him frequently."

"I have known some establishments that have employed two or more men to take blame in order to keep the management from the public part of the time, in that way, we will not let any man grow fat on being blamed." He has increased from 130 to 200 pounds in fifteen months, and millions more that will keep his health and get some sympathetic looking in his face.—Philadelphia Record.

Mal matter is trifled between Paris and Berlin, 100 miles, as thirty-five different railroads connect the two cities. 45 goes through Paris, 46 through Germany, 47 through France.

## DESERET EVENING NEWS, FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1892.

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CREAM  
—OR—  
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